THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI FEBRUARY, 1924 NO. 2

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Abraham Lincoln

By Ivy Houtz Woolley

The man, as near a God, he was,
As man may be by heaven's laws.
He stood for what all men would be,
On earth and in eternity.

His smile, a slow but certain smile,
Which had a drawing, mystic wile,
It brought into the hearts of men
A wish to see that smile again.

His words were golden, every one,
They cast a radiance on the sun,
They stand emblazoned on the sky,
And from men's lives will never die.

God's man, how sweet his memory clings,
How true his noble wisdom rings,
He lives, and his great master mind
Portrays a model for mankind.

PACKING CLOTHES, AT THE GENERAL OFFICE, FOR CENTRAL EUROPE

The Joyful Truth

By Annie D. Palmer, First Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

The flowers of the garden hang their heads,
And the crickets chirp, "'Tis fall;"
For the Frost-King strode adown the vale,
And his breath has withered all.
Does any one count the flowers lost?
Nay, even the children know
That seed or root will defy the frost,
And in Spring's warm sun will grow.

My hope is crushed, for the creed I love
In the heart of my son seems dead—
A myth for women and little folks,
By his learning outgrown, he said;
But a still small voice that I pause to hear,
Assures me the faith I taught
Will live though it be to the end of time,
Till his soul to the truth is brought.

My love lies cold—his heart is stilled—
I faint with the load of pain,
And blindly grope in fearful dark,
Where dread and doubting reign;
But lo! a light from deepest gloom,
This truth eternal gives,
Christ rose triumphant from the tomb,
Through Him my loved one lives!

So hope revives—so comfort comes—
And sickening terrors flee;
The star of faith illumes the world,
And all who will may see.
Oh, wondrous word! Oh, joyful truth!
Oh, love beyond degree!
God's holy Son, the blameless One,
Has conquered death for me!

Boxes of Utah Stake, Ready for Shipping to the General Office. Valued at $3,000 by Provo Business Man

Eliza R. Snow

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp, Second Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

Cherished name, fairest fame!
Chaste and guileless each aim
Of thy life in its truth-radiant splendor;
And I fain would attain
To a pure, sky-born strain,
Whilst I sing thee in melody tender,
As clearer and clearer these measures of love
Soar nearer and nearer to treasures above!

Voice of prayer on the air;
Breathing balm everywhere,—
Sacred hymns of our gospel eternal!
From thy hearth, sprang their birth
And they utter thy worth—
To Zion thy love-gift supernal!
Subduing our sadness by faith in His word,
Enhancing our gladness, our joy in the Lord!

Faithful saint, free from taint
Of dismay or doubt-plaint—
Sweet diligence, hope, and endurance;
Ever-bright beacon light,
Through the darkness of night,
In Christ thy soul-balm and assurance!
Thy warm hand of friendship, thy ministering voice,
In pure gospel-kinship, where all might rejoice!

High of mien and serene,
Gentle, womanly queen,
Whose virtues and graces were blended
In harmony sweet
Forever replete
With gifts of the spirit attended.
Attuned heart and mind to each gospel decree,
Thy gold all refined—one desire—"Follow Me."

Cherished name, fairest fame!
Chaste and guileless each aim
Of thy life in its truth-radiant splendor,
And I fain would attain
To a pure, sky-born strain,
Whilst I sing thee in melody tender.
Ah, I would I might wing me to treasures above,
That I clearer might sing thee in measures of love!

As Shadows Pass

President Emmeline B. Wells was born February 28, 1828. The 29 of February, 1924 will mark the ninety-sixth anniversary of her birth. When the 29 of February shall occur again it will mark the centenary of her birth.

When springtime comes, and in the dells
The violet hides its purple face,
You seem to tread among the ferns
With all your wonted wondrous grace—
Yes, memory will your presence trace.

When summer comes, and from the hedge
The rose in fragrance scents the air,
You seem to walk along the way
And mingle with the perfume rare—
Oh, memory, sweet beyond compare.

When autumn comes, and through the leaves
The wind bemoans the songster's flown,
You seem to whisper tenderly
Of hope, and love, and days agone—
Oh, memory, yours the dearest song.

When winter comes, and on the ground
The snow lies deep and glittering bright,
You seem to shine among the stars
And radiate the world with light—
Oh, memory, you erase the night.

Nor years, nor space, nor flight of time,
Not even death, claims you from me,
For memory and all things combine
To weld our souls eternally.

Annie Wells Cannon.

THE

Relief Society Magazine

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Lincoln's Widow Writes of Poverty*

Two letters from Mrs. Abraham Lincoln written shortly after the assassination of her husband showing plainly her pecuniary distress, have been found by B. Sherman Fowler, a composer, of 31 East Forty-ninth Street, in a secret compartment of an old rosewood desk. Both letters are addressed to Benjamin B. Sherman, Mr. Fowler's grandfather, who was a financier and was in charge of the "Dollar Fund" which collected $10,747.77 for Mrs. Lincoln. He was President of the Mechanics National Bank, a founder of the Central Trust Company and of the Union League Club, a Senior Warden of Grace Church and connected with many financial, patriotic and other institutions.

With the letters behind the secret panel, were found the cash book of the "Dollar Fund" and a curious old gold pen which apparently belonged to Mr. Sherman. The desk itself is an heirloom. A cabinet worker recently offered Mr. Fowler $1,000 for it. Mr. Fowler remembers it in the old family mansion at 16 East Twentieth Street, but knew nothing of the hidden compartments until a few days ago, when he became curious over what appeared to be waste space. With a knife he pried open the panel to discover the documents that will probably be turned over to the New York Historical Society as valuable evidence concerning Mrs. Lincoln, a little known person in history.

The first letter is dated the day after Christmas, 1865, and is from Chicago. It reads:

"My Dear Sir: Although my son wrote you a letter on yesterday, I have concluded to write and thank you, most gratefully, for your kind interest in our deeply afflicted family. We have indeed, lost our all: the idolized husband and father is no more with us, and, if possible, our adverse fate and the great injustice of a people who owed so much to my beloved husband does not contribute toward lessening our heavy trials. Sir Morton Pelo

*This article, relating to Mrs. Lincoln, was published in the New York Times, December 17, 1922.

gave a farewell dinner to his friends in New York in return for their polite attentions to him. We are homeless, and in return for the sacrifices my great and noble husband made, both in his life and in his death, the paltry first year's salary is offered us, under the circumstances; such injustice has been done us as calls the blush to any true, loyal heart. The sum is in reality only $20,000, as the first month's salary was paid my husband, and I presume the tax on it will be deducted from it. The interest of it will be about $1,500. I am humiliated when I think that we are destined to be forever homeless. I can write no more. I remain, very respectfully,

Mary Lincoln."

"P. S.—I omitted to say, my dear Mr. Sherman, mentioning to you what has been told me several times lately; persons apparently reliable saying that to their knowledge $10,000 in money toward the dollar fund had been raised in Boston. I mention this so that you might write to Boston to ascertain the truth of this report. Knowing my anxiety to have a home where we could at least have some privacy and your good feeling for us in our distress will, I am sure, induce you to write about this to B. Excuse my troubling you in this matter, etc. I agree with R. (her son Robert) it is best not to advertise; if there is anything at such an hour as this, it will be forthcoming.

M. L."

The Sir Morton Pelo referred to was an Englishman much entertained while on a visit to this country, so much so that the contrast between his treatment and that of her dead husband seems to have struck Mrs. Lincoln.

The second letter is dated Chicago, January 13, 1866. The General Spinner alluded to in the second sentence appears to be Francis Elias Spinner, once a shoemaker, and at that date Treasurer of the United States.

"My Dear Sir: The enclosed letter has just been received from Mr. Godfrey. General Spinner, two days ago, sent me the sum allowed by Congress, deducting six weeks from it with interest, making it $22,025, leaving me to pay the income tax, which will leave only $20,000. Presuming, as Mr. Moses and Mr. Godfrey did, that you intend settling with them immediately, by return mail, I sent the draft back to General Spinner to have him place it in seven-thirites, and return it to me. Now what am I to do? Will there be any objections on your part to settle with Moses when you receive this? I can certainly see no reason to the contrary. It will be very inconvenient for me now to change the money as it is placed. May I ask you, as a last favor, to see Mr. Moses and Godfrey, when you receive this, and have the f—— (first?) bill

cut down considerably? Your influence can accomplish this. You will see by Mr. Godfrey's letter that there is not an hour's delay. If you will not accede to this proposition, will you please telegraph me, when you receive this. I earnestly request that you see Mr. Godfrey and Moses without fail when you receive this.

"I have written to Mr. Bentley ten days since, with reference to this, and he does not reply. I requested him to have the amount greatly reduced and send me the bill, and urge upon you to settle it. This certainly appeared to be the best use to make of some of the funds you may have. I write in great haste and much harassed by Godfrey's letter and this unsettled business. Will you grant my requests, see Moses and Godfrey, and if you are not inclined to settle with them, please telegraph me, so that by some manner of means, as inconvenient as it is, I must make some arrangements to settle without an hour's delay. As to Mr. Godfrey's expenses to Washington, etc., I had no knowledge of his intention to present himself on the occasion and with my limited means could scarcely meet that expense. Most earnestly praying you will grant my requests, I remain truly and gratefully,

Mary Lincoln."

Mr. Fowler does not know the facts about his grandfather's management of the "Dollar Fund," nor who all the persons alluded to may have been. It appears that Moses and Godfrey were lawyers of some kind connected with the matter. Mr. Fowler said that historical experts interested in this matter would be able to discover the facts that were common knowledge in his family fifty-six years ago.

AT THE RAINBOW'S END

By Edward C. Sterry

Are you one of those fellows who always want
  A different job than they've got?
Are you one of the kind who always look
  Across at their brother's lot?
The world's just full of folks like this—
  Forever changing 'round;
They kill chance that might be theirs
  By never gaining ground.

There's a pot of gold at the rainbow's end
  For the man who sticks to his work;
And chances galore are right at your door
  But they pass by those who shirk.
Stick to your job, fellows—climb to the top;
  The world needs men who will lead;
The reward you'll find at the rainbow's end
  Is greater than gold, indeed. —Junior Republic.

EDITORIAL

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Vol. XI FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 2

Abraham Lincoln

When we first visited Paris, in 1906, the thing that impressed us above all else was that Napoleon, dead, was more potent than any Frenchman living. This may not be true since the great war. Perchance there is an ever increasing number of persons who, like H. G. Wells, do not count Napoleon among the mighty. Whatever the present status of public opinion, in relation to Napoleon, may be, one thing is surely true, that Abraham Lincoln, dead, is one of the most vital forces in our present day American life.

Of recent years he has interested comparatively large groups of poets, novelists, and playwrights who have in turn drawn from his life and works material which has been converted into poems, novels, and drama, as the case required. During the world war he seemed like one among us, for daily we communed with him. The recent visit of David Lloyd George to this country only emphasized the force that Abraham Lincoln is in our 20th century life.

The fame of Abraham Lincoln is increasing with the advance of time. Only the greatest of the great may hope for such reward.

Relief Society Clothing Drive for Central Europe

Again the generosity of the Latter-day Saints and the efficiency of their organization have been put to the test. Both

factors must exist in order to put over a successful drive. Recently we have seen many bushels of delicious apples going to waste because there was no organization that could pick the apples and place them where it would be desirable to have them. On the other hand, all the organization in the world would be of no avail in distributing apples if there were none to distribute. Much as many people have regretted the fact that in the past few years, in this intermountain country, bushels of potatoes that might have been used by people who needed them have gone to waste, and recently very many boxes of apples, because of the lack of facilities to handle these commodities; we greatly rejoice that both factors are at the disposal of the Church when it is deemed fitting to use them.

Recently the Relief Society, supported by the First Presidency, issued a call for clothing to supply the needs of the people in central Europe, principally in the German Mission. With something of the rapidity that follows the touch of an electric button, each stake got to work to collect shoes and clothing and bedding. The result was little less than marvelous. Several carloads of clothes, put in good condition, and shoes, sometimes new and sometimes old, yet repaired for use, have been shipped from the Relief Society headquarters and will, in due process of time, arrive at the headquarters of the Swiss and German Mission, where President Tadje will take charge of them and superintend their distribution.

We include in the current issue of the magazine, a photograph of the collection of clothes in the process of being packed for shipping to Europe. Also we include a photograph of the boxes at the completion of the packing in Utah stake. These two pictures will give an idea of what was accomplished in the general office and in the offices of the various stake organizations. While we published the pictures that chance to be at hand, a goodly number of the stakes furnished boxes of clothes that are in the same class with those furnished by Utah stake.

The generosity of the Latter-day Saints has been tested many times, during and since the war, always with surprising results. The recent call for clothing, which brought together two large rooms full of clothes, both old and new, from which three carloads have already been shipped, is no exception to the rule.

The response throughout the Church has been deeply gratifying, and is another evidence of what can be done by an association as completely organized as the Relief Society, and equipped with women whose ability to lead and execute has again made itself manifest in this latest project, as in many others, in times past.

Bobbie Miller, Flapper

By S. L. Cheney

Two things were uppermost in Grandma Miller's confused mind as she sat nervously awaiting the zero hour; first, she was to make another effort to reform an impulsive, high-spirited, and too self-reliant granddaughter who had again been guilty of scandalous misconduct; second, judging from past experience, such chastisement and advice as she might give were likely to be absorbed about as readily as water on a rubber mat. Still something must be done and that immediately, for, as Grandma had expressed herself: "Things are coming to a pretty pass when a mere child can spend the night gadding about, half-dressed, with strange and questionable young men to strange and questionable places."

The door opened slightly and a young roguish countenance appeared in the aperture. A countenance which would have been more than ordinarily attractive had not nurture stepped in with powder, paint, henna-rinse, and scissors, and robbed nature of some of its best handiwork. Still the large, expressive, blue eyes, oval face, pretty teeth, and dimpled chin beneath a mass of beautiful, though abbreviated curls, were sufficient to excite envy in her own sex and admiration and covetousness in those of the opposite; a thing which no one knew better than Frances Bobbie Miller herself. And, it may be added, it was no small part of her philosophy of life to see that they continued to do so.

"Hello, Granny. Did you want to see me?" came in a saucy alto voice.

"Yes, Frances," replied her grandmother with subdued gentleness.

"Don't call me Frances!" exclaimed the spirited debutante, "It sounds too much like hoop-skirts and powdered wigs."

"Well, bless me, but that is what you were christened, my dear."

"Yes, I know, but it wasn't my fault; besides that was seventeen years ago. Times have changed since then, and people ought to have done so," she insinuated.

"What shall I call you, then, Fran—?"

"Oh—oh, anything but that!" interrupted the exasperated leader of Millburg's younger set, and she stamped her dainty little French-heeled slippers upon the highly-polished floor in exaggerated fury. "Bobbie is my nineteen twenty-four appellation. It's both short and sweet as the fellows say. Please oblige me in future by calling me Bobbie."

Grandma was left aghast. Was it possible that one of her own flesh and blood could be so insultingly impudent? She swallowed hard in an effort to preserve her self-control.

Bobbie opened her vanity case and proceeded deftly to powder the end of a dainty retrousse nose.

Grandma looked in bewilderment at the sparsely-clad, vanity-loving creature before her. How could a bridge of understanding possibly be established over the wide gulf of differences which so obviously lay between them? If she only knew, her present task would be so much easier. She opened her mouth to speak, but words failing, she slowly closed it again.

"Well, why don't you shoot, Granny? I'm in an awful hurry 'cause Billy will be here any minute to take me for a spin in his swell, new, gas-rattler. What is it that you want to lecture me about, now? Is it kissing, clothing, or jazz-parties?"

She slouched into a chair and waited. These interviews were just like going to church, not only because of their old-fashioned moral tone, but also because of their exceeding regularity. Bobbie knew exactly the proper psychological and physiological attitude to assume for their endurance. She slid down in the chair until she practically rested on her back, crossed her legs conspicuously, folded her arms behind her head, and then feeling quite ready for the onslaught, proceeded to gaze at her grandmother questioningly through half-closed eyes.

Still silence reigned. The old lady was completely nonplussed by the situation. Finally, however, she controlled herself sufficiently to ask, "Why do you persist in going out with this Mr. Ryan? He is a reckless debauch in whose company anything might happen. Why don't you cultivate the acquaintance of respectable young men, such as Dr. Van Devener?"

"Respectable, phew! They may be respectable mummies but not men; they're too slow. Why they are as slow as a wheelbarrow running in low. Think of your Dr. Van Devener asking me to go to a concert tomorrow night. I tell you, Granny, he's hopeless.

"Surely you didn't refuse him?" asked Grandma in a shocked half whisper.

"Not yet, but soon," was the reply.

"But—" stammered Grandma.

"But nothing," replied Frances tartly, "even if I could be content to drag around at the heels of your idol for one whole evening, I haven't a rag I could be seen in at such a place. You know how it will be; every one there in brand new togs while I haven't a stitch that isn't weeks and weeks old."

Grandma was sure that this reason had been motivated by a strong desire to possess a certain extravagantly-modeled and very

expensive gown recently displayed at the "New Paris Shop," on Main Street. A gown Frances knew her grandmother strongly objected to, but for reasons entirely unconvincing. That was like Frances. She was at an age when counsel was most needed but there was no one to whom she would listen. She had no parents and insisted upon taking the advice given by her grandmother as either scoldings or jokes and, therefore, paid no attention to it. So far she had been holding herself above water by her own ingenuity but at any time her environment might present an unconquerable situation. If it did so, she was lost, since there was no trusted person to whom she could turn for assistance.

For a time Bobbie watched the obvious struggle going on before her with secret amusement. Slowly her gaze traveled from the twitching hands to the quivering chin and tear-filled eyes. Yes—the eyes were filled with tears which had started to overflow and trickle down care-worn cheeks. A big heart, whose varied impulses had seldom been inhibited, awoke at once.

"Why, Grandma," exclaimed the girl in alarm, as she sprang from her chair and threw her arms around the old lady's neck. "forgive me, I was only teasing you. Why, you are the dearest sweetest Granny in the whole world. I wouldn't do a thing to hurt you, if I could live without, but I can't. Why, if I tried being like the girls were sixty years ago I'd be ostracized from society—yes, worse than that, I'd be locked up in a mental hospital. Times have changed so, don't you see Grandma?"

A sporty, maroon-colored roadster drew up in front of the house and as the shrill honk of the horn sounded Frances ran to the window.

"There is Billy, now," she exclaimed, "I must jazz along, but don't you worry anymore about your little ewe lamb, Granny mine. Take my word for it she'll be all right. And if she only had that new gown she would go to the concert with Dr. Van Devener just to please you, if for no other reason."

Grandma felt a warm kiss pressed upon her brow. She looked up. Her granddaughter smiled engagingly, tossed her curls, pirouetted, and was gone.

"Shucks!" muttered Grandma but there was a look in her kindly old eyes which said that she was not entirely displeased.

For several minutes after the door closed, Grandma sat silent and thoughtful, her soul still thrilling at the sincere though fleeting caress which had afforded her a momentary recognition of the feelings and sympathies of a real girl beneath so deceiving an exterior. If only that moment could have lasted until they had arrived at a better understanding, but as ever, the impulses which actuated her granddaughter refused to grant an extended period of seriousness. Yet, somehow, the very wilfulness of this

thoughtless, high-spirited girl demanded admiration. Her words, her actions, in fact almost everything about her, gave evidence of red blood running at its highest; craving change, excitement, and frivolity, as strongly as the aged crave quiet and rest. Grandma knew the signs, for she had experienced just such desires. Had she gratified them? Her eyes twinkled with mischievous intent, as in reminiscence she again lived through those brilliant years of girlhood when young, beautiful, and active she had been as a wild young thing among other wild young things; seeking sensation as ardently as the morning-glory seeks the sun. She, too, had endeavored to break away from the too austere, adult conventionalisms, because they interfered with her desires, and as a result, had shocked her august father and dear, though perhaps too circumspect mother by kissing her beaus, attending all-night parties, and wearing low-necked, short-sleeved dresses. All such unrestrained actions had offered her deep though stolen satisfaction. In fact the more unrestrained and excessive, the more pleased she had been with herself and the more highly approved, praised, and sought after by others of her set. What more could the young belle of a town want? It had seemed to her that this constituted about all there was worth living for, and in order to realize it she had rejected as absurdly antique much of the advice proffered by her elders.

She had never realized the nature of the pain and worry she must have caused, until it had fallen to her lot to pass through a like experience in the training of her wilful orphan granddaughter. To her it seemed a punishment as well as a hopeless task to control and properly direct this exaggerated reproduction of her early self. Her duty, however, was evident. She would never cease striving with the child, no matter what should happen; her love and an impelling desire to make restitution would not permit her to do so. But that was not all, there was the solemn pledge given to Frances' dying mother, more than eleven years before when a pitiful struggle for life had been in vain. At the last moment she had called Grandma to her bedside and, in a whisper that was barely audible, had pleaded that she would do all in her power to shield her little girl from anything which might mar or tarnish the purity and sweetness of her soul. Grandma had bowed her head and from the fulness of her heart had declared that she would protect the child with her life, if need be. This promise had not been hard to keep until about two years previous when Frances had changed suddenly from a child into a young woman, and became actuated by new and strange impulses and desires which seemed to demand constant change and excitement. The hum-drumness of life with her grandmother no longer sufficed; it took association with young people, as unstable

and high-strung as herself, to allow her pent-up energy an opportunity for expression. Grandma recognized this as not only a natural and important but also a very critical stage in her granddaughter's development. She knew that if there ever was a time in a person's life when wise and sympathetic guidance was needed it was at this period. That was it; proper guidance rather than absolute prevention which was too often attempted without success. And no wonder, since to prevent the expression of the numerous, throbbing impulses of youth was like trying to prevent the downward rush of a mountain torrent, by placing a dam in its pathway, knowing full well that it would only break out in another place with perhaps added violence. Even supposing some power, human or otherwise, could successfully halt all those wild and uncontrollable cravings, would the outcome be gratifying? Would it not cause such a stagnation as would result in the atrophy of both spirit and energy to the extent of producing a human manikin instead of a well-developed man? Grandma's experience assured her that there was not as much exaggeration in such a conclusion as one might think.

But her problem was by no means solved. It was all very well to talk of wise guidance that would encourage some tendencies and discourage others, but when all the fads and fancies seemed alike vicious, where was one to draw the line? It were as easy to decide which was the more dangerous: Scylla or Charybdis. But whenever this thought registered in her mind she discarded it as being too morbid to be true. It smacked too much of a by-gone generation, a generation which judged from the exterior only. What reason had she for being so sure that evil results would follow all of Frances' doings? Mayhap the muck through which she appeared to be wallowing would cling no more tenaciously to her soul than did the excessive paint to her face. Perhaps when the time came she would sluff it off as easily. A number of the young matrons with whom Grandma was acquainted, had apparently done so. Why not Frances? But there were others who had not; young, innocent girls who had come to the dividing of the ways and in their blind ignorance had taken the one leading to their disgrace and destruction. Grandma shuddered as she thought of them. Frances must be saved from such a fate at all hazards. But how was it to be done and by whom? She steadfastly rejected counsel coming from anyone except members of her own set, and as these were as reckless as herself there was little hope in that direction. If only she would sever connections with her present associates and acquire new ones in more respectable circles; and especially if she would choose her future escorts from among those of irreproachable morals such as young Dr. Van Devener, Grandma felt that everything

would be all right. But she was helpless before the task of bringing this about. There was perhaps one chance in a hundred that she could succeed and that was to purchase the new gown which would insure Frances' accepting the company of Dr. Van Devener for one evening at least. It would probably end at that but then there was a slight chance of its deve'oping into something of a more lasting nature.

Such a purchase would demand of her a great sacrifice, not only financially, by necessitating the spending of savings hoarded for the purpose of making a visit, perhaps the last, to an only sister residing in Oregon, but also in moral sentiment which cried out against the present tendency of dressing in a manner to expose so much of one's person to the cold, sensual gaze of evil-eyed men. To Grandma it seemed a pollution of that which should be held most sacred. But then there was the chance that this evil might combat a greater one. It might be the charm that would divert the turbulent spirit of her granddaughter into safer channels. Such a result would more than compensate for any sacrifice.

The gown ought to be purchased tonight and so avoid a possible refusal of Dr. Van Devener's invitation before it could be secured in the morning. But would there be time? Already the light in the room was fast being dissolved by lengthening shadows, prophetic of approaching night, while the stately grandfather's clock pointed out its message of five-thirty; only half an hour before the closing of the business day.

If she could only order by phone and have a special delivery made, but this she was afraid to attempt not trusting her ability to describe the gown in a way that would clearly designate it. She must and would get it herself. Sighing wearily she arose from her chair and went as hastily as possible to her bedroom where she secured her hand-bag and a heavy wrap and without further de'ay left the house.

Once upon the street, she discovered that it was snowing heavily, that the sidewalks were already covered with a wet, slippery surface. In her haste she had forgotten her rubbers and umbrella, but there was no time to return for them, so with scarcely a moment's hesitation she started down the street. There were four blocks to go; three to Main street and one down to the corner of Main and Washington. It was a long way to walk especially on a night like this but to go over to Broadway and run chances on having to wait ten or fifteen minutes for a street car was not to be thought of.

She proceeded as rapidiy as possible along the slushy sidewalk, slipping frequently and being still further disconcerted by the blinding barrage of snow. To make things worse, old

rheumatic pains commenced stabbing their way through her joints with unmitigated fury. Her strength began to ebb, but this loss was compensated for by an increase in determination, so that she obstinately refused to heed the dictates of reason which warned her either to stop or turn back. Even when escaping a bad fall by the merest chance, as a result of stumbling from the curb at Second Avenue, she only set her teeth more firmly, clinched her hands, and continued.

By the time First Avenue was reached she was trembling uncontrollably and decided to rest a minute in the semi-protected entrance to the Congregational church. From this point she could hear the muffled throbbing of motors and see the continuous blur of light which announced Main Street. They came as a challenge to her further endurance, and in a sort of desperation she accepted the challenge, goading her faltering limbs into hesitating, slipping, sliding, stumbling action. She reached Main Street almost in a state of panic, but recovered her assurance to a certain extent at the sight of the passing throngs. Here, at least, was help, even though it should not be called upon. Permitted now to think somewhat less of her own safety, her thoughts centered more upon her errand. Would the shop be closed before she could reach it? Or, worse still, would the gown be sold? Strange to say, this last possibility had not entered her mind before. The fear it caused, strongly stimulated her lagging spirits, and with quickened steps she threaded her way through the nondescript crowds of business men, shoppers, newsboys, and window gazers, entirely unaware of the attention she attracted, in fact, unaware of everything except the one fervent, impelling, almost prayerful desire that she would not be too late.

When finally she reached her destination, tears of gratitude sprang into her eyes, for there was the gown in all its brilliancy, still draped gracefully upon a form in the window as it had been when first she saw it, and beyond, clerks were still busily engaged waiting on customers. Grandma felt a pang of conscience as she gazed at the flimsy material before her and realized her intentions of buying it as a covering for her pretty granddaughter. A covering! Why it would cover no more space than an old-fashioned chemise. Still it must be the style since all the smartly dressed young ladies wore just such frocks, apparently vulgarly designed for the purpose of showing much and suggesting more. What motive other than the most morbid could possibly sanction such styles? Yet here she was seemingly adding her approval by purchase and from motives entirely of the best. And what harm could come of it? Supposing she didn't buy this dress? Frances would be sure to get one like it in cut if not in quality and—. Here Grandma's train of thought was sud-

denly interrupted by a saleslady who had stepped into the window and begun removing the gown from before her eyes. Was she se'ling it? Grandma caught her breath as she hurriedly entered the store. A fleeting vision of a tall, handsomely-dressed young man counting out bills was quite sufficient to convince her. Stumbling up to the clerk she cried out appealingly, "Wait a minute, please, I want to buy that dress."

"I am sorry, madam, but it has just been sold to this gent'eman."

Something like a moan escaped Grandma as she clutched at the counter for support. Too late! Too late to help Frances! What could be done? The young man and saleslady exchanged wondering glances across the counter, then the man said in a slightly husky voice, "Let her have it. There is another down at Robbins that will suit my sister quite as well."

Grandma turned and thanked her benefactor in a tremulous voice. Why it was Dr. Van Devener! She had failed to recognize him before. It was very embarrassing that he should be the purchaser.

"No thanks are due, Mrs. Miller," said the doctor graciously dismissing the subject. "How are you these wintry days? I hope your rheumatism isn't troubling you."

"Thank you, I am feeling quite well," she replied sinking down on a stool.

Dr. Van Devener watched her closely as she opened her worn handbag and extracted the necessary money for the purchase. He noted the weary expression on her face, the trembling body and wet feet, and mentally predicted a "bad spell" as a result.

"We will send it up the first thing in the morning," explained the clerk as she placed the carefully folded gown in a box preparatory to wrapping.

"I wish to take it with me," declared Grandma. "I must have it tonight."

"Very well, it will be ready in a minute."

"I see, Mrs. Miller, that you have walked down this evening. A very unwise thing to do in such weather. Let me beg of you not to attempt walking back. My car is at the curb and I shall be more than glad to take you home," said the doctor.

"It is very kind of you, I am sure, but I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble," faltered Grandma.

"No trouble at all, as I am going your way it will simply afford me a desired opportunity of having a brief chat with you."

She knew that it had not been his previous intention to go her way, but that was like him; always trying to help someone

and doing it in such a way as to appear that the effort cost him nothing. However, she had no desire to refuse. To be taken home so speedily and comfortably was the most pleasant thing she could think of just then.

Without waiting for her answer he took the well wrapped package which was placed upon the counter and then carefully assisted her out of the store and across the slippery sidewalk to where his sedan stood waiting. A few minutes later he helped her up the steps to her own door. After being assured with many thanks that there was nothing else he could do, he raised his hat and bade her a cheery good-night.

She watched his stalwart form as he swung down the steps and out to his car through the falling snow and wondered why it was that a girl of Frances' intelligence could not recognize his vast superiority to the jazz-loving fellows she insisted on going with. Then her thoughts turned to her own comfort and she heaved a sigh of relief. How good it was to be back. Soon her own cozy room would afford her the quiet and rest she so much needed. In her haste to secure the latchkey to unlock the door she lost control of the package which slid from under her arm to the railing and from thence down to the walk in front. She must get it at once or the gown would become wet and soiled. Grasping the railing with both hands she very carefully descended the slippery steps to where the package lay. Picking it up she wiped it dry and then stopped to consider her position. Handicapped with the package as she was she disliked the idea of having to go back up those steps alone. For her they were dangerous at best and tonight, laden with snow and sleet, they presented a real difficulty. But with care perhaps she could manage. She placed her right foot firmly on the first step but as she attempted to raise the other, both feet shot out from under her and she fell heavily forward, striking her head against the edge of the top step.

For a time she lay quite unconscious of all her aches and pains, then slowly recovering she became aware of a terrible throbbing in her head, and such a feeling of general weakness and nausea that it seemed impossible for her to move. She would lie still for a few minutes until it passed away before attempting to go in. The package had slipped from her grasp and was being covered with snow on the steps beside her. Fearing lest the dampness would ruin the gown, she exerted all her strength in an effort to reach out and draw it under her. The task was accomplished; the gown lay protected from the snow by her body but she ceased to be aware of the fact. Her last thought as she drifted off into oblivion was a sort of prayer that Frances would

not return in time to find her lying there. She would feel so disturbed about it.

For several hours the snow continued to cover Grandma's prostrate form with a protecting mantle, falling quietly so as not to disturb her slumbers. Then it ceased and the moon came into view, looking down upon the earth in a clear, cold, impersonal manner; dissolving the shadows and freezing the ponds: bringing to light a pile of snow oddly heaped up on Mrs. Miller's front steps. But there was no one to see or wonder at it.

The entire city was asleep with the exception of a few unholy places where reckless youth still drank in reckless enjoyment. Perhaps the most noted of these was "Tom's Place," a disorderly roadhouse twelve miles out, where, under the protecting shades of night, all manner of sin was sold to the young in the guise of pleasure.

As usual they had been having a gay "rough-house," but as day approached the greater part of the nondescript crowd had gradually departed. Only a few remained and most of these were so under the effect of intoxicants that it was likely they would not be able to leave for some time. Two or three couples alone were trying to keep up the spirit of the evening but even they showed signs of weariness.

At a table in one corner of the main room, slightly screened from the others, sat Frances somewhat disheveled and effervescing with a devil-may-care cheerfulness. Across the table sat her escort, Billy Ryan, heavy-set, heavy-jawed, heavy-eyed, in fact heavy in everything except his neatly waxed baby mustache and securely cooped-up brains. But he had an unlimited supply of money, recklessness, slang and sleeked hair, so what more could a girl want? They had arrived late which probably accounted for the fact that they were more alert than the others, still there was an unnatural luster about their eyes and a flush about their cheeks which evidenced a night of dissipation. They had come here ostensibly to dance, but tiring of this were now amusing themselves with cigarettes and chatter interspersed with peals of almost uncontrollable laughter. It ought to be said in justice to Frances, that with all her love for the sensational, this night's doings were going a little too far, and she quietly resolved not to let herself in for such another. She would have objected to it this evening if she could have done so without losing her reputation as a good sport. She had been in with a smart set as usual looking for the unusual. After dancing themselves into a glow to the tune of a ripping jazz orchestra they had gone to McReady's for a midnight luncheon. Under the excitement of it all, Frances was enveigled into drinking too many cocktails which aroused her dare-devil spirits to the point where nothing

seemed impossible. Thus when the party broke up and Billy dared her to make a night of it by going slumming, she had accepted the dare; but when she discovered the kind of place that Billy was taking her to, she regretted her hastily given assent and tried to dissuade him, but to no avail.

"This is a tough place, I know," he had said, "but what's the harm in stepping in and seeing how they carry on? They can't hurt us because we won't let 'em. Surely, Bobbie, with all your boasted sportiness you wouldn't back out now? You're not weakenin', are you?"

This taunt was too much for Frances, so she permitted him to escort her to a table where shortly a foul-smelling waiter made his appearance carrying a badly-soiled napkin on one arm.

"Fill 'em up," ordered Billy. "Something for a lady," he added with a wink.

Frances was against taking another drink because she felt rather giddy already, but when the glasses were filled she did not dare refuse for fear of angering her escort. Almost immediately she had a sensation of uncontrollable cheerfulness and knew that she talked and laughed a great deal and that Billy did the same, but for the life of her she did not know what it was all about. Finally, after regaining her senses somewhat, Billy's voice came to her through a haze: "Well, kid, are we going to get married, or are we ain't?"

He had asked her the same question a great many times without receiving a satisfactory answer, for while she liked him as a pal her instincts warned her against him as a husband. But after that last cocktail she was not herself. His question appealed to her only as a witty remark and so she responded with a peal of laughter.

"What do you say, Clover B'ossom?" Reaching across the table he seized her hands, then allowed his fingers to crawl slowly, clingingly along her bare arms until they clutched at her shoulders.

"When?" she giggled.

"When?" he exulted, "Why this very night. We will take a run out to Camden and be Mr. and Mrs. Ryan before sunrise. What do you say?"

The situation was a scream. She had never known Billy to be so funny.

"Say, but you are a foolish one, ain't you, Billy?" she teased.

"I may be foolish but I know what I want. It's you for me, now that you've grown up," he declared endeavoring to pull her bodily across the table toward him, knocking off the glasses in the attempt. "What do you say, Toots?"

"Aw, Billy, behave, you're hurting me. Let me go and let's be jazzing home," she cried petulantly.

A waiter came up hurriedly to investigate what the crashing of glass meant.

"What's my bill?" demanded Billy.

Looking disapprovingly at the broken glass, the waiter frowned and replied: "Twenty-five dollars."

"[———]! That's easy. Here's an extra five to polish your manners. Now, Bobbie, kiddo, let's be having your answer so that we can clear out of this hold-up joint."

"Why you ain't really serious about getting married, are you, Billy? You don't really want to settle down, do you?"

"Who spoke of settling down? It's me for the high lights now and forever. What does the poet say,

"'Some for the glories of this world; and some
Sigh for the prophets paradise to come.'

"Well, I'm for the glories of this world. What I want is—

"'A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou—'

"Oh, how does that go? But, then, you know what I mean."

"Billy, you'd sure be funny tonight if you didn't insist on being serious, but as it is you're just ridiculous. Here you are wanting to get married when we don't even know whether we're in love with each other. Besides, Granny never would consent."

"It ain't like you to be worrying over what your Granny might think. And about being in love, I guess we are about as much so as they ever get. Be reasonable, Bobbie. We've got along just swell, haven't we? Don't that argue that we always will? But supposin' we didn't it might be the saving of some lawyer's life to be provided with a divorce case, and then we'd be just as happy and free as ever, only more so. Just think what a sensation our elopement would cause, why it would be the talk of the town. There wouldn't be a girl in the country but what would envy you, now would there, Toots?"

She had lost the power of reasoning clearly. If only she hadn't taken that last drink. Billy had seriously proposed, that is as seriously as he knew how, and was waiting for her answer. What should she—what could she do! Her grandmother would certainly object to her marrying Billy, but then wasn't she likely to object to anyone whom she might wish to marry, since she had a way of objecting to almost everything she, Frances, did. This would give her an opportunity of escaping constant nagging. Then the sensation which her elopement would cause would simply be killing; as Billy said it would be the talk of the town. The newspapers would perhaps announce it in glaring headlines:

"The Pretty Seventeen-year Old Daughter of the Late Judge Miller Elopes with Bank President's Son," or, "Pretty Mill Miller Becomes Stolen Bride of Popular Billy Ryan." Perhaps they would publish her picture on the front page. Wouldn't that be great? The girls would simply turn green with envy. Yes, she would marry him, marry him tonight. Then the light gradually waned from her eyes as her instinct assured her that the most important reason for accepting Billy was because she was afraid to do otherwise. He had such a temper that there was no telling what he might do if she refused him.

A thinly masked expression of fear lurked in her large blue eyes as she turned her head and looked up into his face.

"Do—you promise that if we shouldn't like each other we will get a divorce?" she stammered.

"Surest thing in the world, Toots. Now do you consent?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"Hurrah!" he yelled jumping to his feet with her in his arms and proceeding to do a dance-stagger around the room, singing in a stentorian voice:

"'We're going to be married! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We're going to be married! Hurrah!
You tell 'em, Si,
Because it's no lie,
We're going to be married! Hurrah!'"

Everyone in the room looked on with more of an air of boredom than astonishment. Such sights were not exactly infrequent here. A livelier interest was manifested, however, when Billy, staggering to a seat, ordered the glasses filled up all around. With coarse jests, oaths, and loud laughter, for freedom reigned here and every one expressed himself as he pleased, the health of the two was drunk and then almost immediately the excitement ceased, the drinkers returning to their interrupted chatter, smoking, and dozing like "A dog to his vomit, or a sow to her wallowing in the mire."

Hastily putting on their wraps Bobbie and Billy left the place. Once in the powerful new roadster Billy stepped on the gas sending the car spinning over the smooth, snow-covered road at the rate of about sixty miles an hour. Several times they narrowly escaped turning over but neither was in a condition to know or care. They wanted to reach Camden and did not intend wasting time on the way.

It was very cold, a fact which they soon realized. Frances, particularly, began to feel it and nestled more closely to Billy for protection. Still in a way, she welcomed the biting air since it was gradually dispelling the fog from her mind. She was eloping

with the man beside her. Was it the proper thing to do? But it was too late now to entertain misgivings; besides, Billy's strong, young arm placed caressingly about her and the soothing purr-purr of the motor served to allay her fears. She even smiled at the thought of how her grandmother would alternately scold and weep over the affair. It would be a scream. Why she wouldn't miss it for anything!

The city lay between them and their destination, and as they reached it Frances suggested that they drive around by her place and get some more wraps before going on to Camden.

"Would it be safe?" he questioned.

"Safe," she slurred, "why not safe? Don't I go in and out any time of the day or night I want to? Besides, Granny will be dead to the world at this time of night."

"Well, just as you say, but you'll have to make it snappy," he replied swinging the car into a side street and shortly coming to a sliding stop before the door.

"I won't be a minute. You just keep the seat nice and warm until I come back," and without waiting for his assistance, she sprang out and skipped across the sidewalk. Running up the steps she stumbled and nearly fell over an odd heap of snow which she had failed to observe.

"O Billy, come here, quick," she cried in alarm.

With an oath he left the car and joined her on the steps. Quite as bewildered as she, he quickly brushed away the crusted coating of snow revealing the slight figure of a woman lying face downward. Taking hold of one shoulder he turned the body over. The woman, whoever she was, appeared to be dead. A scream of horror escaped Frances as she recognized the still, death-like face of her grandmother.

"Bring her in! Bring her in!" she cried hysterically as with frantic efforts she produced a latch key and opened the door.

Billy, somewhat sobered by the sight, picked up the frail burden and followed Frances into the house, inwardly cursing the luck which had temporarily interrupted their plans. He laid her on a couch near the fireplace while Frances, trembling violently, snatched a phone directory, and commenced searching its pages. They must have a doctor. One name alone flashed into her mind: Dr. Van Devener. She jerked the phone towards her staring fixedly at a certain number.

"Main 5771," she almost shrieked. Then after what seemed an eternity a deep, rich voice came to her over the wire; "Hello, this is Dr. Van Devener."

"This is Frances, Frances Miller. Please come over at once, something terrible has happened to Grandma."

Scarcely waiting for an answer she snapped the receiver

back into place and dashed to the side of the couch where she desperately began chafing her grandmother's frozen arms, hands, and face.

"Why doesn't the doctor come?" she asked over and over, although but a few minutes had elapsed since she had called him. For the first time she commenced to wonder why her grandmother had been found in such a condition. Vaguely she recalled having seen a package clasped in her arms. Why, she must have been out shopping, but what for? As she moved around the couch, her foot struck against something. She glanced down, recognizing the package. In the confusion it had been extricated from its embrace and now lay at her feet in a torn and trampled condition. Something snapped in Frances' brain as she caught a glimpse of what it contained. She stooped and tore the covering away. Yes—it was the gown! The gown she had pestered her grandmother about so much. The truth of the whole situation burned its way into her guilty conscience. It had been bought so that she, Frances, would go to the concert with Dr. Van Devener, and why? Oh, she knew. After her narrow escape tonight, she knew! Her glance wandered to where Billy stood with an unsympathetic almost a bored expression on his darkly flushed face. A feeling of intense repungance seized her.

"Please go," she commanded.

"Who, me?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yes," she replied firmly.

A glint of anger sprang into his eyes but without another word he bowed stiffly and left the room. Almost at the same instant the doctor arrived, his large expressive brown eyes and handsome face bespeaking more than professional concern. Frances came toward him appealingly, "We found her on the steps—" then her voice trailed off into an hysterical moan and she could say no more.

"There, there, Miss Miller," he said reassuringly as he grasped her outstretched hands, "perhaps it won't be so bad after all. We'll see what can be done." He went immediately to where Grandma lay stretched out on the couch. One glance at the bruised forehead told him the story. He took her wrist between his long deft fingers and felt for the pulse but there was no evidence of life there. Hastily securing a stethoscope from his bag he proceeded to listen very carefully for anything that might give evidence of a beating heart. Frances watching him was sure that she read the worst in the expression of his sensitive features. Oh, what would she do! What would she do! With speechless lips and staring eyes she sank down on her knees, by the side of the cold, silent, expressionless form. She did not hear the words of encouragement the doctor uttered. She did not even seem to

realize that he was still standing at her side. One idea alone possessed her; dear old Grandma would be with her no more. Her dearest, sweetest, truest friend had left her. And why? The accusing finger pointed at her, at her thoughtlessness, her waywardness, her recklessness her unappreciativeness. Yes, she was the guilty one. She had allowed her grandmother to worry over her, plead with her, sacrifice for her without ever sensing or understanding the true purpose of it all. It had taken this last supreme sacrifice to bring her to her senses. Like coals of fire this thought burned in her brain to the exclusion of all others. "Grandma has given her life to save me." Violent sobs shook her small body, great tears sprang into her eyes, then overflowed, plowing red and white furrows as they ran down her painted cheeks. With a moan she sank forward, her trembling hands caressing the cold, white cheeks as she bent her head until her lustrous curls mingled with the thin gray locks beneath.

"Grandma, dear, sweet Grandma," she murmured fervently, and her quivering, tear-stained lips touched those once so eagerly responsive, now cold and silent.

She was grasped forcibly by the shoulders and raised to her feet. "Now—now, don't give way like this. So much depends upon the help you will be able to render. I must have your assistance," came in deep commanding tones from the doctor.

"Then, she is not—" gasped Frances, a flame of hope flaring up within her.

"No, thank heaven. With proper care she may be her normal self within a few days. The snow was very merciful, Frances, it covered and protected her."

"Then, you—you can save her?" cried Frances appealingly, her large blue eyes reflecting a wealth of confidence and assurance in him.

"Yes, Frances," he replied his rich voice trembling under the strain of control placed upon it, "We can save her."

Cleaning Household Silver

By Ethel Cutler Butt

When you have been eating in a good hotel or on a pullman dining car you have doubtless noticed the pleasing effect which the brightly polished silverware has had on the enjoyment of the meal. Bright silverware has a suggestion of cleanliness which adds materially to the enjoyment of the meal.

The reason for the brightness of the silverware, in a dining car, is made plain if one passes through, between meals, and sees how vigorously the darkies polish the tableware. Of course, the housewife has so many other things to do that she cannot spend the hours keeping her silver clean that the darkies can. Yet any good housewife who has made a careful study of the effect of bright silver on the meal tries to keep the tarnish off, as far as her time permits. To make the most of the time she has for doing this task, the woman should have a good knowledge of the materials she must work with, the best methods of cleaning and the results to be expected.

The problem of cleaning silver is of comparatively recent origin in the ordinary home. The price of silver made it prohibitive except among the wealthy, in former times. It has not been a great while since wood was the most common material used for spoons and other tools used by the housewife. Tinned iron was used by some but it was not satisfactory for most purposes. Today it would be hard to find a household without at least one set of flat silver. Much of our present day silverware, however, is plated, and not the solid kind used in past ages. About a century ago scientists learned to deposit silver on any type of metal so that it looks as good as the solid silver and is much less expensive. The fact that the silver is only on the surface of the iron or other metal which makes up most of the utensil, complicates the problem of cleaning it. Not a little *silverware* is ruined because the housewife cleans it with commercial preparations, or with other substances which dissolve or wear away the silver coating leaving the gross metal base exposed.

In order to work intelligently, in cleaning silverware, and in preventing it from needing cleaning frequently, it is necessary to understand what causes the tarnish, as well as the different ways in which it may be removed. The tarnish on silver is caused by the union of this metal with some other element, the most common being oxygen or sulphur. Most every housewife has noticed the tarnished effect which the white of an egg causes on spoons and forks. This tarnish, as well as that coming from the contact of

silver with rubber articles, is due to the sulphur in these substances. The appearance of tarnish on silver which has been lying idle, may be due to the union of the oxygen of the air with the silver.

Even with the best of care silverware will tarnish. To remove it there are two methods: the most common but the hardest with the use of silver-polishes, the others by electrolysis.

The common polishes now on the market may be in the form of soaps, liquids, pastes, or powders. They usually depend upon one or more of the following active ingredients for their merit: $CaCO_3$, or powdered limestone, sal soda, salt, soap, rottonstone, iron rust or silicon although other substances are sometimes used. Soap, ammonia, oxalic acid, salt, soda ash, and some others depend upon their chemical action for their usefulness, but most of them merely wear the tarnish off the same way as emery stone wears away a metal. If any of these are used, perhaps the best one would be the powdered limestone, or whiting, or Paris white as it is usually called, when bought for this purpose. Its inexpensiveness is a strong recommendation when such a cleanser is desired. The most common way of using it is to place it in a cheese cloth, dip it in a small quantity of water, and shake it so as to cause the powder to filter into the water and be precipitated. This precipitate is used to do the polishing.

While the polishes will do good work, they are messy, and they require much unnecessary time and energy. Also they cause the silver plating to wear off quickly and give the finish a scratchy appearance.

The more recent and probably the better method is that of removing the tarnish by means of a chemically created electrical current, which at the same time redeposits silver on the utensil. This method, called electrolysis, if used properly, saves wear, gives a soft finish and is quick as well as clean and cheap. To use this method it is necessary to have (1) a silver cleaning pan, (2) a bright aluminum pan, or (3) a bright tin pan. These metal pans assist in the removal of the tarnish and the redeposition of the silver. The patented silver cleaning pans, sold on the market, may be somewhat expensive for the average housewife. Most every household has at least one aluminum pan, however, and if this is bright and clean it may be used as successfully as the patented one. The chemicals to be used in the cleaning will cause some of the aluminum to be taken out of the pan, and it will wear out a little quicker than if not used often for cleaning in this way. The wearing away is so slow that it will not ordinarily be noticed. Bright tin pans are nearly as satisfactory as either of the two above mentioned pans, and their low cost recommends them to those not having one of the others.

The solution which does the cleaning consists of one tablespoonful each of baking soda and ordinary table salt to each quart of hot water. When the hot water is poured onto the soda and salt in the pan there is rapid bubbling for a few seconds, so the pan in which the cleaning is to be done should not be too full. As soon as the violent bubbling has subsided, the silver, which has, of course, been made as clean by washing as if it were to be placed on the dinner table, is dropped into the pan so that each piece is resting upon the pan. After it has been in the solution for two or three minutes the silver is taken out and rinsed in water. The salt solution should be poured out of the pan as soon as the cleaning is finished, to prevent the chemical action of the salts from wearing it away. Silver cleaned in this way lasts as long as, or longer than, that cleaned by ordinary polishing.

Some housewives think it necessary to clean silver once a week or oftener but this is unnecessary and wears away the utensils. A two-week period is often enough if the silver is not left in contact with substances such as eggs, rubber, etc., that cause rapid tarnishing. Washing silver soon after using with clean, hot, soapy water, and then rinsing in hot water and wiping dry, will usually prevent tarnishing of silver which is not in constant use.

EIGHT WOMEN ELECTED TO BRITISH PARLIAMENT

The results of the late election in Great Britain are of more than passing interest to the women of the world, as election returns show that eight women have won seats in the British Parliament.

For nearly two years Lady Astor was the only woman in the British House of Commons. September, 1921, she was joined by Mrs. Wintringham. The election of 1922 brought thirty-two women candidates into the field, but only two were elected, Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham. Since that time, a third woman, Mrs. Hilton Philipson, was chosen at a by-election to fill her husband's place.

In the contest just over, not only have these three women been reelected, but five other women candidates have been successful. Among the five are, first, the Duchess of Atholl, from a district in Scotland. Lady Terrington who, like Lady Astor, is the wife of a peer, stands for South Bucks; she appears to be especially interested in agriculture. Miss Margaret Bondfield, who is interested in labor, is from Northampton; she is one of the talented platform lecturers of Great Britain. Miss Susan Lawrence is from the district of East Ham, and is regarded as an expert in local government. Miss Dorothy Jewson is the new member from Norwich and is reported as being interested in the social problems of her native country.

Items About Women

Chinese Women Make Rapid Strides

Central China has now granted women's suffrage, and a woman—Wong Chang-Koo—sits in the parliament of Central China. The women of Central China worked for twenty years for their vote. An active campaign for equal suffrage is now in progress in Southern China and women are to introduce in the next national parliament, a bill for equal suffrage, equal right to education, equality with men before the law, prohibition of slave selling, and improved marriage laws.

The women of India are also asking for equal right to education and equal suffrage; evidently the Oriental woman has caught the spirit of her sister in the Occident.

Police Hotel for Accommodation of Travelers

Mrs. May Sullivan, who walked from Wyoming to Maine summer resorts, was the first person to accept the hospitality of the New Rochelle Police Department which recently began furnishing accommodations for the night to women travelers and visiting officials of cities unable to obtain proper hotel quarters. On the top floor of the New Rochelle police headquarters Commissioner Tubbs has arranged a corridor of rooms with all the conveniences of a modern hotel. Owing to the limited number of hotels in the city it was a nightly occurrence for a traveler to approach the desk lieutenant and inquire where accommodations could be obtained. Most of these requests were made by women, and finally Sergeant Robert McMillin and Patrolman Martin Larkin evolved the idea of transforming the upper unoccupied floors of headquarters into sleeping quarters for each applicant. The two policemen were encouraged by Commissioner Tubbs. The Civic League also lent its aid, and as a result McMillin and Larkin have established the first police hotel in the United States, where weary travelers are accommodated at night, free of charge, as a matter of public convenience and not for violation of the law.

The furnishings of the suites were presented by the Civic League and they were installed by Mrs. Dudley Harcourt Goldsmith, president, and Mrs. Benjamin B. Badeau, secretary of the organization.

The rooms are large and airy within view of Long Island Sound and New Rochelle harbor. They are tastefully decorated and furnished with white dressers with large mirrors, cushioned chairs and beds with snowy white blankets.

Mrs. Sullivan, leaving headquarters, after spending the night, said, "that it was the finest and best hotel she had found."

Women in Professional Life

Recent statistics in the United States show that one out of every thirty of the editorials published are written by women. On a given Sunday during the summer it was reported that 170 of the sermons were preached by women. Women are making about one plea in the courts out of every two hundred, while ninety per cent of the education of the children of the United States is in the hands of women. About eleven million women are at the present time earning their livelihood in one way or another.

Woman Drafts State Budget Bill

One of the outstanding achievements of women of recent date is that of Mrs. Nellie Brewer Pierce, of Los Angeles, who is recognized as the author of the Budget Bill, aimed at state economy, which has the support of the Governor of California.

Women Culpable with Husbands

A judge at Muskegon, Michigan, declares that a wife who allows liquor to be manufactured or sold in her home, by her husband, must suffer the penalty. "I know from experience, no married man can violate the law unless his wife consents in such cases," he said. "It is time we forgot sympathy and enforced the law equally to man and wife." And he instructed the officers to arrest the women as well as the husbands. "Pleas of poverty will not be considered in the future," added the judge, "it is time we quit encouraging the breeding and rearing of law violators, which children in such homes will be."

Deaf and Dumb Women Preferred

Sidney Smith, proprietor of one of Chicago's big laundries, not long ago, inserted in the newspaper a novel advertisement in which he sought deaf and dumb women as employees in his establishment. He made it clear that he was not operating a charitable institution—that he wanted workers. "I am not in business for my health," said Mr. Smith, "the reason I am advertising for deaf and dumb women is because they do not waste their time and gossip about everything under the sun except suds."

"But deaf and dumb women can talk with their hands," it was suggested.

"The moment they do they have to stop work altogether so they seldom try it," he replied. "I am tired to death of the endless clatter and clack of tongues and the consequent slowing down of business. I have two deaf and dumb women already and they stick to their work. One is worth two of the other magpies."

The Girl Laureate

The poet laureate of Oklahoma has attracted a good deal of attention since her appointment by the governor of that state. In a recent interview given in New York at the McAlpin Hotel, Miss McDougal said that she would favor more music, art and poetry in the schools even if some other branches of the curriculum had to be cut or revised.

Mrs. Cannon on Committee of National Child Welfare Association

Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, a member of the General Board, has been appealed to by Secretary Herbert Hoover to become a member of the National Committee of the American Child Welfare Association. The board is very greatly honored that the selection of a woman to act in this capacity in our state has fallen to a member of the General Board. It is in line with the kind of work the organization stands for. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Cannon.

Dr. Jane Skolfield is keeping up the woman's end of the game in putting over the health program in the State of Utah. During the fall months she has appeared before four audiences on health subjects. She was on the program of the Relief Society Conference, the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, the Utah Health Association and before the nurses section of the Utah Educational Association.

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE

By William C. T. Adams

"We pass this way but once,"
Some one said to me today.
In my mind a thought arose,
I could not drive that thought away.
"We pass this way but once,"
The words, they ring so true;
But note how fast we hurry on
While we are passing through.

"We pass this way but once,"
Then why not stop to laugh and play
And thus enjoy each fleeting hour
While we are passing on our way?

"We pass this way but once;"
Our journey we can ne'er retrace,
Then why should we be in such haste
To reach our final resting place?

"We pass this way but once,"
Let's seek some pleasures as we go
That we may make the most of life.
Let's take more time, not hurry so.
"We pass this way but once;"
Let us then enjoy each day
And do whatever good we can
As we are passing on our way

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

California Mission.

The Palo Alto Relief Society is very active and energetic in its work. This branch was organized nearly four years ago, and the members have been holding weekly meetings and studying the lessons as outlined, besides doing other work, such as sewing to raise money to help people in the little branch in various ways as well as many outside friends who sometimes need help. They are at present planning a bazaar and social to be held in the near future to raise funds for the organization.

PALO ALTO RELIEF SOCIETY,
CALIFORNIA MISSION

Nebo Stake.

The annual Relief Society social recently given by the Nebo stake board members to the officers and teachers of the fifteen wards in the Nebo Stake, was in every way a success. The attendance of so many of the Relief Society teachers, who were special guests, was a pleasing feature. The program arranged was well carried out. A very instructive number, a play demonstrating the proper and improper manner of teaching, was given by members of the stake board, and was very much appreciated by those present. Refreshments were served to about three hundred and fifty guests by the board members, and the afternoon was considered very profitable and enjoyable by all those who attended.

Cache Stake.

The Cache stake board recently entertained the officers and

teachers of the eight wards in the stake, in a social held in the gymnasium of the Brigham Young College, Logan, Utah. There were about three hundred officers and teachers present. A very interesting program consisting of dramatic and other exercises from each ward, was enjoyed, after which the board, under the direction of the social committee, consisting of Mettina Lindquist, Lizzie B. Owen, and Linda N. Benson, served light refreshments to all present.

St. George Stake.

As a result of an attendance contest between those over and under fifty years of age, the younger members of the East St. George ward Relief Society, who were the losers, entertained the older members at a social. The Relief Society hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with white and green, cut flowers and potted plants. An extremely interesting program was rendered—the special feature being a short drama, written by Mrs. Grace Atkin Woodbury, which portrayed the fate of indifferent members who presented themselves at St. Peter's Gate, where they were judged. This caused much merriment. At the close of the program games were played and refreshments served.

In Memoriam—Granite Stake.

Sister Mary Jane Laub Miller, wife of Arnold D. Miller, passed away at her home in September, 1923. Mrs. Miller was an active worker in the Relief Society, having served on the Fremont Stake Board for many years. Later moving to Oregon, she served on the Union stake Board from 1902 to 1904. On her return to Idaho she resumed her labors in the Fremont stake until it was divided, after which she served as first counselor in the Yellowstone stake board until she was called, with her husband, to labor in the Australian Mission in 1916. Since her return she has been an active worker in the Waterloo ward Relief Society, in Salt Lake City, also a worker in the Salt Lake Temple up to her death. Mrs. Miller was born in Salt Lake City, November 29, 1856. Besides her husband she is survived by nine children, seven sons and two daughters, who were with her during her last illness.

Tintic Stake.

A temple excursion was recently made from Tintic stake. Besides temple service equalling 109 days, $106 in cash was contributed for further work to be done.

Woodruff Stake.

The Woodruff stake board has recently completed visits to every ward in the stake, numbering fifteen. The wards are fully organized, and in the scattered wards where the members

live miles apart, everything possible is being done to carry out the instructions of the General Board. A beautiful spirit of humility and unity prevails throughout the organization. Conferences were held in all of the wards in 1923, which were very stimulating and helpful.

Millard Stake.

The Meadow ward has been very successful in raising funds through entertainments. At a bazaar this ward succeeded in clearing $100. On another occasion a play was put on by the Relief Society from which $50 was realized. The bazaar was opened at 11 a. m. and continued on till midnight, during which time everybody was urged to come and spend the day and evening. Meals were served at all hours, and there was entertainment for both old and young. Every one in the ward was asked to donate one ready made article, and these were all sold to advantage. Aside from the funds which were raised, there was recreation and real fun for all who were in attendance.

Gunnison Stake.

Although only a little over six months old, the Gunnison stake may well be proud of its present condition. Through the energy and activity of the stake and ward officers the work compares favorably with the work of much older stakes. During the fall and early winter conferences were held in all of the wards of the stake, all of which were attended by the stake officers.

Jordan Stake.

At a union meeting in Jordan stake the stake supervisor of visiting teachers gave interesting reports of the teachers' work of the various wards. The following report of the Sandy Second ward furnished by the ward president, is typical of those which were given:

1. Number of L. D. S. families in ward 129
2. Number of L. D. S. families visited.....129
3. Number of districts in ward 11
4. Number of districts visited 11
5. Number of non-"Mormon" families visited.... 5
6. Number non-"Mormon" families in ward..... 13
7. Number of teachers in ward 22
8. Number of teachers using topics 22

Liberty Stake.

The dues in Liberty stake are collected by having the ward visiting teachers pass envelopes on their December visit with the instruction that the envelope with dues enclosed, be returned to

the president or handed to the visiting teachers on their next call. Instructions printed on the envelopes are as follows:

This card is to remind you that your annual dues are now payable. Kindly enclose 50c and return to your president at your earliest convenience, or give to your visiting teacher on her next call.

Sign your name here

.....

Every enrolled member must be accounted for, therefore if you neglect this obligation some one must pay it for you.

The plan for the monthly union meeting in Liberty stake is:

1. Preliminary meeting at 1:30 for stake officers, at which there is prayer and discussion of plans and arrangements for meeting to follow.

2. Two o'clock. Union meeting. Community singing; business; separation for department work into seven departments: Presidents; Secretaries; Class work: Theology; Literature; Social Service; Visiting Teachers and Homebound workers.

Deseret Stake.

Work and Business Meeting: We print herewith some instructions sent out by the Deseret stake board to ward workers regarding the Work and Business meeting:

Method of Conducting: All members at work. President and secretary at side table to receive teachers' reports, which are called for district by district. Teachers should report even though they have not made visits. President should not receive reports before or after the meeting, or elsewhere during the week; she should make it understood that the report is to be given to the president at the meeting. Meetings should begin on time and close on time. If work is not finished volunteers may be asked for, to remain and finish work. Meetings should not be held after dismissing time in order to finish work.

Work Suggestions: All should be provided with work in the following varied ways: (a) Each member might bring her own individual work; (b) Each enrolled member might be given the opportunity to provide work for one entire meeting; if she herself has no work, it would be her duty to provide work from other busy mothers who need a helping hand; (c) Where charity work is done, it should be so worked in that no one but the president need know which work is for charity, and which is merely helpful "lifts." The spirit of helping one another should be encouraged.

The following kinds of work are suggested: quilting, rug making, darning, button hole making, crocheting, tatting, knitting, all kinds of stitch work, preparation for bazaars, flower making for Decoration Day, gifts for Christmas, exchange of recipes, exchange of patterns and ideas for children's clothing, making of

swimming suits in summer for children, picking over small fruit preparatory for bottling, silk and wool flowers, millinery work, stenciling, remodeling.

The following topics are suggested for informal discussion during the work meeting: Parties to be given by the Relief Society; all society business in which all have a part; fly time—methods of eradication; garden time; current events; celebrations—their purpose and best ways of celebrating; home evenings; jokes; home budget, household schedule of work, exchange of plans; school problems, health topics; music; picture shows, libraries, resorts.

Ward Entertainment Work: A committee is appointed in each ward upon general entertainment and enlistment. It is optional with each chairman to work out the plans best suited to her own society and ward. If thought advisable the chairman may be one of the ward presidency. It is the duty of this committee to act as an enlistment committee in connection with the teachers, (a) to learn how many eligible women there are in the ward not enrolled in the Relief Society, and to co-operate with the teachers in enlisting them as members; (b) to find how many belong to the Relief Society who are not active and encourage them to attend; (c) to discover newcomers in ward and invite them to meeting, also assist them in becoming acquainted socially in the ward. At regular Relief Society meetings this committee should see that every member is made welcome by being met at the door and shown a seat at the front; if member is not familiar with lessons, a book should be given her, and she should be invited to take part in the discussion, and made to feel that she is not a stranger. At special meetings and socials the entertainment committee should be present and make arrangements for taking wraps, seating people, introducing strangers, and creating a general spirit of sociability.

Pocatello Stake

The secretary of Pocatello stake writes: "We are taking up child welfare work. We have a number of country wards that do not have a school nurse, and two weeks ago we took Miss Ellen Lees, the Pocatello school nurse, out to Inkom where she examined about fifty children, thirty-five of whom needed a doctor's attention. She charged nothing for her service. Because of crop failures the doctors are offering to do the work at a very reasonable fee. We are expecting to take the nurse to two other settlements. The Anti-Tuberculosis nurse of the county has also consented to help and will do four wards for us. This will cover all the wards we have out of Pocatello. Everyone seems so anxious to help with this work that it is a real pleasure."

Oneida Stake

In connection with the Idaho State Board of Health and the local physicians, the Franklin and Oneida stake Relief Societies assisted in carrying out the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act in conducting a health conference for the betterment of maternity and child welfare. At this conference 343 mothers and children registered were examined and given special instructions. This was the most successful health conference held in the state, up to that time, and a larger number than usual were registered and examined.

REORGANIZATIONS

Alberta Stake

At the quarterly conference of the Alberta stake, held November 1, the Relief Society stake board was reorganized. Mrs. Annie D. Snow, who has moved to California, was honorably released, and Mrs. Jane W. Bates was appointed president.

Mrs. Snow has served the Relief Society of this stake faithfully and efficiently, and under her leadership the Relief Society work has gone forward, progressing along all lines. In leaving the work she takes with her the love and confidence of the women of her stake and of the General Board as well.

Mrs. Jane W. Bates, the new president, comes to the position with a wealth of experience in Relief Society and community work. She will be assisted by a corps of capable officers, who will work unitedly in the interest of the Alberta stake. Following is a list of the board members: Mrs. Mary E. Smith, first counselor; Mrs. Dora Jacobs, second counselor; Mrs. Lovina Low, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Pearl Woolf assistant secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Luella Smith, chorister; Mrs. Alta Thompson, organist; Mrs. Talitha Carlson, *Magazine* representative; Mrs. M. A. Anderson, Rose Woolf, Nellie Pitcher, Annie A. Steed and Elizabeth Low, board members.

Ensign Stake

Mrs. Elise B. Alder, for a number of years president of the Relief Societies of the Ensign stake, resigned her position a few months ago on account of illness, and has been honorably released. Mrs. Alder's illness was due to an accident which occurred last July, when the grand stand used at the Fourth of July celebration in Liberty Park collapsed, and her foot was crushed. Although greatly improved and on the rapid road to recovery, Mrs. Alder could not be induced by her co-workers to ask for a leave of absence with a view of takng up the work again as soon as she was able. The stake presidency and everybody concerned hoped that she would do this; but Mrs. Alder said over and over again, "The work

is more important than I am, and it must not be handicapped. If I were only thinking of myself, I might ask for a leave of absence, but I am thinking of the work which my co-laborers and I have struggled so hard to establish, and it must not be held back by me." So while Mrs. Alder was remarkable in her active duty, she was even more remarkable in her decision that the Relief Society work is more important than any individual, and that it should not be held back nor handicapped by the action of any individual. Mrs. Alder has been a most successful leader in her stake, and she has faithfully and loyally supported the General Board in all its plans and programs. She led well, and she followed well. She leaves her stake in excellent condition, and retired with the love of every stake and ward worker, and with the love and appreciation of the General Board.

At the Ensign stake conference held November 19, 1923, Mrs. Irene Merrill Richards, wife of Elder Stephen L. Richards, was appointed to succeed Mrs. Alder. The officers chosen to assist Mrs. Richards are as follows: Counselors, Mrs. Nora Cannon Stewart and Mrs. Pearl Udall Nelson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Pickering; and the following board members: Mrs. Stella Paul Bradford, Mrs. Mona Wilcox Cannon, Mrs. Florence Farnsworth Richards, Mrs. Lucile Badger Taylor, and Mrs. Martha Howell Cannon.

WORK OF THE ADULT BLIND

The General Board of Relief Society is interested in the efforts which are being made by the Utah State Commission for the Adult Blind to give vocational education to the adult blind of this state, who have not had previous training. A workshop has been established in Salt Lake City where such persons may be trained in various kinds of handiwork, with a view of helping these handicapped individuals to be independent and self-supporting. Those who are trained at the shop say that what they want is not charity but an opportunity to work and become self-sustaining. Mr. Hugh G. Reichert, the sales agent, who is himself blind, says there are about three hundred blind people in the State of Utah, and about one hundred of these are dependent on relatives, friends, or the county for support and it is the desire of the workshop to increase its capacity in order to give training to a larger number than can at present be accommodated. In order to increase the capacity of the shop, an effort is being made to interest people in the rugs which are being made there, and are for sale, with the hope that the demand will increase to such an extent that the shop may be enlarged and many more may become trained and be given employment.

About fourteen different patterns of rugs are woven at the

blind shop—patterns which it is said cannot be duplicated here. Rugs are woven from new materials, or from materials furnished by customers. Workers at the shop also cut carpet rags and sew the for about 18c or 20c a pound. The shop would welcome contributions of carpet rags or cloth from which to cut them.

The shop is planning to display its rugs in the various communities, with a view of creating a market for them, it is also distributing cards giving further details. Following is a copy of the card:

PATRONIZE THE BLIND

LET YOUR RAGS MAKE YOUR RUGS

New Rugs Made of New Rags Only

Hand Woven, Big Diamond, Checkerboard and Other Beautiful Patterns.
Couch Covers, Silk Portieres, Table Runners.
First Class Work—Everything Guaranteed.
Mail or Bring Your Old Rags or Stockings to
120 East First South, Salt Lake City, Utah
All Kinds of Weaving Done—Highest Quality—Lowest Prices.
Hugo G. Reichert, Sales Agent
2256 Lake Street Phone Hy. 2104-J
(Call Mornings)

Presidents' Memorial Fund

Several of our stakes are late in sending in their memorial fund. The time set for collecting this fund was the year 1923, and it was expected that the fund would all be in by December, 1923.

The fund consists of 5c from each enrolled member. Those who wish to contribute more may do so.

The Presidents' Memorial Fund is being collected for the purpose of establishing memorials in honor of the past general presidents of the Relief Society. The object of the memorials is two-fold: first, that of honoring the presidents; and secondly, that of doing good to others.

The Gospel to the Lamanites

The following letter was writtten by Mrs. Lucy Wright Snow to an Indian princess, who visited Royal Oak high school in Michigan, one day last spring. We feel sure our readers will be interested in the letter. We are especially glad to be able to publish it this year, as this is a Book of Mormon year, because of the recent centenary of the appearance of the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Dear Princess Neawanna:—

I was indeed disappointed that you were so suddenly called to Grand Rapids on the eve of your coming to our home. I had invited a party of Royal Oak's best educators to be present to hear you speak on the subject most dear to your heart—"The American Indian"—but my faith is that you will return to Detroit and that we shall have another opportunity to speak of the record of your people which I possess.

I take delight in confirming your testimony that you are not of the lost tribes by the following quotation from the record:

"For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews and they shall write it; [the Bible which contains the record of the Jews] and I shall also speak unto the Nephites and they shall write it; [the Nephite record contains the record of your people] and *I shall speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel which I have led away*, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak untto all nations of the earth and they shall write it."

I will also quote from the record concerning your lineage as follows:

"Wherefore, for this cause hath the Lord God promised unto me [Nephi] that these things which I write shall be kept and preserved, and handed down unto thy seed, from generation to generation that the promise may be fulfilled unto Joseph, *that his seed should never perish so long as the earth should stand.*"

(This Joseph was none other than he who was sold into Egypt, and *we* are of his seed.)

Your people were given a promise that they should never become extinct as follows:

"Nevertheless thou beholdest that the Gentiles [the United States] who have gone forth out of captivity, and have been lifted up by the power of God above all other nations upon the face of the land which is choice above all other lands, which is the land that the Lord God hath covenanted with thy father, that his seed should have the land of their inheritance, wherefore thou seest that the Lord God will not suffer that the Gentiles will utterly destroy the mixture of thy seed which are among thy brethren, neither will he suffer that the Gentiles shall destroy the seed of thy brethren." (The Indians.)

Dear Princess, I am pleased that our acquaintance was made possible by your coming to the Royal Oak's high school and that my daughter felt impelled to make an appointment for us and that you also were inspired with a desire to meet me, and when you told me that you were doing the educational work you are engaged in simply because you felt impelled and inspired to do it I felt sure that the truths which I have written should be in your possession, and they will indeed enhance your scope of vision in your chosen work, in behalf of your people, and because you have expressed a desire to see the record, I invite you to come to me if possible and I will give it to you myself, or if this is impossible, let me know and I shall send it to you.

Meanwhile, be encouraged in your work, pray to the Great Spirit you know, who is the Lord God, for further enlightenment and he will bless you for your faith and effort.

Guide Lessons for April

LESSON I

Theology Lesson

(First Week in April

THE PARABLES OF THE SAVIOR

A. *The Tares.*

1. *The Text*: "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the household der came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? but he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn." (Matthew 13:24-30.)

2. *The Explanation*: Again, as with the other parables of the Savior, even the disciples were not sure as to the meaning of the tares, so they sought information from the author, whose explanation is recorded in Matthew 13:37-43.

3. *Some Great Lessons Taught*: (a) That through the lack of wide-awakeness in good men who should guard against the introduction of evil, the servants of satan get a foothold in the kingdom. (b) That the untimely expulsion of evil-doers may do more damage than good, because of the social and other ties which interlace their lives with the lives of the good. (c) That there will come a day when conditions will be ripe for a safe and effectual elimination of the evil-doer, and the salvation of the righteous: the former bound together for destruction, the angels of consistency and justice fastening them together with bands of selfishness and sin and casting them into the flames of a conscience that burns as long as there is a recognized end to feed it.

4. *Special Application*:

I am the Tare as far as I share
The Fruits of satan's temptation;
I am the Wheat as fast as I meet
Requirements for Jesus' salvation.

I must not sleep, but watch must keep,
Lest the enemy sow in my heart
The doubt and the sin that canker within,
And leave me from heaven apart.

I must forbear to judge when and where
Vengeance shall fall on the earth;
Just cling to the rod, leave the issue with God,
Who'll save according to worth.

B. *The Mustard Seed.*

1. *The Text*: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." (Matt. 13:31-32; Mark 4:30-32; Luke 13:18-19.)

2. *The Purposes*: This parable had at least three objectives: First, to correct the idea prevalent among the Jews that the kingdom was to come to them as a sudden manifestation of superhuman deliverance and exaltation to power. Second, to teach that the kingdom of heaven on earth is a growth from a Divine planting. Third, to proclaim that the Christ-life with small and derided beginning would become the triumphant life.

3. *Why He chose the mustard plant for a center of interest*: "We are all familiar with the mustard-plant of our own country. It is not the smallest, nor indeed the largest, of our herbs or shrubs; still, its proportions are comparatively diminutive; it is nothing like a tree. The Savior here is referring his hearers, not to the plant with which we are acquainted, but to the khordal, or *Salvadora persica*—the same as the khayal found in the Himalayas. This, though small in germ, does grow into a tree in which birds do nestle. And its seeds resemble those of our mustard in taste. It is noticed by travelers as growing abundantly on the shores of that very lake from which Jesus was teaching. And its seed is used in the Talmud as an image of extreme littleness; 'small as a mustard-seed' was a common saying. And yet the *tree* was noted as large. 'There was a stalk of mustard in Sichem (writes one) whence sprang three branches, one of which was large enough to cover the shed of a potter.' 'There was a stem of mustard (writes another) in my field, into which I used to climb, as men climb into a fig tree.' 'I have seen it,' says Dr. Thomson, 'on the rich plain of Akkar as tall as the horse and his rider.'"

4. *The Application*: (a) Historical: The little babe in the manger, a supposed carpenter's son, now the greatest character of the world's history. Shortest of religious laws, "Love the

Lord," and the briefest of all codes of ethics, "Love thy neighbor," each is growing to over-shadow all other laws and codes. (b) The little impulse of helpfulness grows into the great heart-throb of benevolence; the little act of self-sacrifice becomes a leading life-habit that lifts us up and holds us in the line of heroes and heroines. The simple faith of childhood grows into a spiritual life that makes for us a place in the presence of God.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Give the Savior's own interpretation of the parable of the tares.

2. Who are the persons referred to by the word "men" in Matthew 13:25?

3. Show how this parable teaches patience and forbearance.

4. When people unite in organizations for purposes out of harmony with the teachings of Christ, what part of the parable are they illustrating?

5. To what extent is each one of us a "tare"?

6. What are the evidences of one's being the "wheat" spoken of in the parable?

7. Show how this parable teaches the unescapableness of the final judgment.

8. State three evident purposes of this parable.

9. Show the fitness of the mustard-plant as an object of illustration in this parable.

10. Give historical application of the idea of growth from small to great things under divine *care*.

11. Wherein is the religious law and the ethical code of the Savior like the mustard-plant that became the greatest of all "herbs"?

12. Correlate the parable of the mustard-seed with the hymn beginning, "Jesus, once of humble birth."

13. Wherein is the faith of childhood like the mustard-seed? How may it become the greatest source of joy and the greatest factor of happiness through earth-life and at its end?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in April)

LESSON II

Literature

(Third Week in April)

James Russell Lowell

James Russell Lowell holds a position of high honor among the poets of his period. He came of one of those old New England families, who, like the Adamses, have never failed to produce men of marked ability. The present President of Harvard University, President A. Lawrence Lowell, is of that family; also, Amy Lowell, who is one of the chief exponents of the new poetry in America at the present time. Among his ancestors were many prominent persons: clergymen and judges and men of marked public spirit. His father was a minister in a church in Boston and was noted for the integrity of his character and the energy he put forth.

Lowell, like Longfellow, was born and nurtured in an environment of culture. He was surrounded with a good library and had the classical training that Harvard University then afforded. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1838.

Lowell made his advent at a very important period of time. The conscience and the intellect of New England had been aroused by the leadership, first, of William Lloyd Garrison, and, secondly, of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Garrison had established a paper called *The Liberator,* whose purpose was so to stir the conscience of the North that it would demand the abolition of slavery in the United States. By the publication of his essay on Nature, Emerson had roused the New England intellect to a new sense of freedom and an appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

Lowell responded readily to his spiritual and intellectual environment. He was dreamy and poetic and loved nature in the same ardent manner as did some of the English poets of this period. But while he loved to portray the beauties of nature as did Wordsworth in England, in one thing he differed greatly from him: Wordsworth, through most of his life, was not interested in social reform, while Lowell was very greatly interested in such reform. Lowell, like Whittier, became a poetic trumpeter of the Abolition Period. But, while Lowell responded quickly to the new life about him, he, like the others of his group, inherited the Puritan tendencies and reflected them in his writings. He did not object to poetry that taught an ethical lesson, and admits in his own criticism of himself that he probably had not learned the distinction between singing and preaching.

We have in this presentation set forth three characteristics that are very prominent in the writings of Mr. Lowell. First, he

was a Puritan of the Puritans, inheriting the traditions of his New England forefathers, and reflecting their love for morals and moral teaching; secondly, he responded very quickly to the beauty in nature; and, thirdly, he was part and portion of that spirit that was with great zeal seeking to free the slaves of America.

A good illustration of a poem that sets forth the first two characteristics, that of a love for the ethical in life and for loveliness in nature, is *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. We desire that the class leader shall study the poem and present it to the class as she sees fit. We shall include the descriptions of Spring and Winter as examples of Lowell's ability to portray nature, and two other stanzas from the poem illustrating his ability to portray and teach a moral lesson through the medium of poetry:

The Vision of Sir Launfal

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?"

In contrast to the above description of spring, is the portrayal of winter given below:

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It gathered all the cold.

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost."

The two stanzas below illustrate Lowell's ability to point a moral lesson:

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl.
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

The best example of Lowell's abolition poetry is perhaps found in his *The Present Crisis*:

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
'Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Inasmuch as February marks the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, we are including a stanza from Lowell's *Commemoration Ode,* of July 21, 1865. This is one of the first and best poetic tributes to Lincoln after his martyrdom.

"Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bend like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Give the names of some persons in the famous Adams family of New England, prominent in American history, and, if you are able, prominent as writers.

2. At this point the class teacher should present in her own way the *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

3. Do you agree or disagree with what Lowell says in relation to alms-giving?

4. Select some details from the poet's description of spring and winter that serve to bring the picture to your mind.

5. Do you think a painter could take his description of winter and convert it into a real winter scene?

6. What historical truth did Lowell hold in mind, when he wrote:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

7. If Lowell were alive today, what social reforms that we are now interested in would you expect him to be interested in?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

THE STANDARD OF LIVING—THE INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The efforts of society to bring about a better distribution of wealth and material comforts, and to provide more universal opportunities for education and development have been projected in many forms. Various plans and programs have been advanced to better social conditions, to raise standards of living, and to provide more general opportunities for development. In promoting health and providing facilities for medical care, in improving working conditions, in attempting to prevent delinquency and crime, a community expresses its concern for the well being of the entire group and a desire to extend certain advantages to all of its members.

The activities to better social conditions may be classified according to the nature and content of the problem, such as, disease, poverty, crime, child labor, or educational provisions. Another classification of social work may be made according to the process. One process is dealing with institutions, legislation, and education, and endeavors to bring about a general or group improvement. The other method is working with individuals or families to assist them to make a better adjustment or attain a more complete development.

The previous discussion pointed out various general programs designed to effect group improvement. The establishment of health centers, the control of child labor, the enactment of school laws, the improvement of industrial conditions, and countless other efforts all have their effect on the standards and development of the whole group. But even though industrial conditions are improved, and health opportunities are provided, and satisfactory social legislation is enacted, a satisfactory adjustment for each individual cannot be expected. There still remains the problem of fitting man to his environment, of helping him to adjust in the best possible manner to the problem of living.

The process of adjusting to environment, of developing in a normal satisfactory manner, is a serious and difficult one even under favorable conditions. To persons who have many adversities, special difficulties, heavy burdens, or serious handicaps, the process of natural adjustment is made extremely difficult. Unless intelligent, understanding assistance is offered to the overburdened at the right time, the process of development is often seriously interfered with. There will always be a need for both

processess—working with groups and with individuals. In any program, whether dealing with poverty, or delinquency, or labor, or health, the two processes are needed, one used to supplement the other.

In every community that has a desire to help the distressed, there is need then, for community effort to improve institutions, to enact desirable legislation, to better industrial conditions, and provide health, educational, and recreational opportunities. There is also need of organized effort which seeks to recognize individual social problems, to comprehend their significance and to administer the kind of assistance and treatment needed. This individual treatment, this work with persons who cannot meet alone the difficulties of living, forms an important part of a modern social welfare program.

The attitude toward people who are not entirely successful socially, is changing. The family whose income is not adequate to care for all its needs, or the boy who has been a truant or committed some juvenile offense is not regarded, at this time, as a failure to be pitied. The attitude of society now is to recognize such situations as evidences of society's own failure to understand and meet human needs. Social workers attempt to interpret these situations, to discover what misfortunes and handicaps have brought distress to these individuals and then to remove as far as possible the handicaps. At the same time, an effort is made to discover the possibilities and potentialities of the individuals and to provide opportunities for their development.

The attitude of society toward women and children who have been deprived of a father's support, by death or illness, illustrates the present conception of society's responsibility to its unfortunate members. In the past there was a greater tendency, in the event of the death of the breadwinner of the family, to place the children in an institution or orphanage and break up the home entirely. Or perhaps the mother was allowed to leave her family of small growing children and was permitted to take employment. Children were taken from school so that they could add their small earnings to the scanty family income. Little attention was paid to the care, nourishment, health or education of the family.

The problem of widowhood or of the incapacity of the breadwinner is now met not only in terms of finances or relief. The emphasis is placed on the human elements involved; on the value of home life, on the need of giving children a mother's care, on the economy and training children for future usefulness, and on the wisdom of safeguarding a family's health.

To provide such a comprehensive plan of treatment for individuals and families who have been handicapped and burdened and distressed requires some community organization. The state, private societies and churches have long felt a responsibility to

care for the unfortunate by providing institutions or by giving relief. These organizations are becoming increasingly conscious of the importance of the task of dealing with social problems. They are recognizing, more and more, that the guiding of human lives, the treatment of individuals in distress, is a serious undertaking, deserving of study, of understanding, and of intelligent cooperative effort. *Reference*: Dr. Edward T. Devine, *Normal Life,* pages 160-165.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What is meant by group improvement programs? Give examples.
2. Why cannot all social problems be solved by programs of group improvement? What else is needed?
3. Does the establishment of a health center give assurance that all who could be benefited by the center are receiving its benefits? What service is needed to extend its benefits?
4. Discuss school and child labor legislation as group improvement and relate their administration to individual treatment.
5. What are the functions of a probation officer of the juvenile court?
6. Why has the emphasis in dealing with families whose income is not adequate been changed from mere relief to continued, understanding service?

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL

THE GOSPEL IN THE HOME

The Restoration

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."—Revelations 14:6.

"But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it."—Micah 4:1.

A. The Church organized at Fayette, Seneca county, New York, April 6, 1830, with six members.

B. Note the marvelous and steady growth of the Church throughout the years as a fulfilment of promise and prophecy.

C. Discuss the significance of Easter, symbolizing the resurrection, and the organization of the Church in April—the springtime of the year and the renewal of all things beautiful.

Helps for Literature Lessons

Several requests have come for lists of books that might assist in the literature work and help to build a library, either in the community or in the home. The standard History of American Literature is the Cambridge, History of American Literature, published by Putnam and issued in several volumes. This series of books contains more select material on American literature than is found in any other set. It is scholarly, however, and may not suit the general needs.

We suggest two books that are very good from the standpoint of the selections they contain. First, "Three Centuries of American Literature," and, secondly, "Chief American Poets."

In order to furnish books that contain brief biographical sketches of the authors and some critical comments, we suggest a list of manuals of American literature as follows: "American Literature," by Long; "American Literature," Bronson; "History of American Literature," Cairns; "Introduction to American Literature," Pancoast; "American Literature," Halleck, and "American Literature," Katherine Lee Bates. If you have public or school libraries that are fairly well equipped, you will find all or many of these books in the stacks.

If you wish to purchase any of these books you may do so by writing to A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. If you wish a satisfactory and complete edition of the poets we have studied, for public or private libraries, we would suggest that you purchase the Cambridge edition of the poets, to be had in separate volumes.

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